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BUNTERIAN CLUB

No. 15, 17th St.

A PAIR

SPY-KNAVES

BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON.



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPT

PRINTED FOR THE BUNTERIAN CLUB

1890



[ A PAIRE  
OF  
SPY-KNAVES

BY  
SAMUEL ROWLANDS



*Reprinted from the Unique Fragment in the possession of*

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TO THE WORLDS  
BLINDE IVDGEMENT,  
that wants a paire of Spectacles  
*with a true sight.*

**T**Ruth doth auouch it, and experience fayes,  
Time serues vs with his worst of wicked dayes,  
The world, euen like a garment waxeth old,  
Selfe-loue is hot, charitie deadly cold.  
The notes we haue to know our good men by  
(As corrupt Iudgement deemes with errours eye)  
Are wealth, and words, no matter how they liue,  
Hee's a good man, that can good speeches giue,  
And talke of Vertue, and Religious zeale,  
Although in deeds he like a Diuell deale.  
Another sort there are, the world cals best,  
Onely because they are of wealth possfest:  
Their gold and siluer gildeth them so well,  
They are the best in Parish where they dwell:  
And so was *Dives*, out of question too,  
Most richly magnified with much adoe,  
Vntill the end tryes truth, at dying day,  
When all the worlds esteemed things decay,

A 3

Diuels

## *To the Worlds*

Diuels with Gluttons foule did merry make,  
Angels, poore *Lazarus* to glory take.  
Blinde iudging world, fencelesse in censure th'art,  
With greatnesse, not with goodnes taking part:  
Tell me, where's he that for true Vertues sake,  
The poore Iust man, will his companion make?  
Where's he that is the greatest finde-fault knowne,  
Reproues his brothers misse, and mends his owne?  
Where's he that is to such a patience growne,  
That he will put vp wrong, and offer none?  
What's he that now-a-daies doth good for ill,  
And would doe hurt to no man by his will?  
Point out the man, breathing beneath the Sunne,  
That doth, as to himselfe he would haue done.  
What's he as willing will repay a Debt,  
As he was ready trusted goods to get?  
Who will not flatter Greatnesse now-a-daies,  
In all the errours of their gracelesse wayes?  
Who will in losses on his God depend,  
And take that patiently the Lord doth send?  
Who will be weary to be monies slaue,  
And hauing wealth, confesse, inough I haue?  
Who will not catch (if by his craft he can,)  
The meanes, and liuing from another man?  
What's he that will his Couenant fulfill,  
As firme by promise, as by Bond or Bill?  
Where's he will lend of superfluitie,  
Without the Vfurers gratuitie?  
Who is it that of faithfull true intent,  
Maintaines the poore, defends the Innocent?  
Sure if *Diogenes* did liue againe,  
He might burne day, as once he did, in vaine,

To



R E A D E R.

**T**His Crystall sight is not for all mens Eyes,  
But onely serues for the iudicious wise,  
Fooles, they may gaze as long as ere they will,  
And be as blind as any Beetle still:  
A purblinde Momus fleeringly will looke,  
And spie no knaue but's selfe in all the Booke.  
A Sicophant, that slaues himselfe to all,  
Will his owne Knaue-Companions honest call,  
And wilfull winke, because he will not see,  
With diuers sorts of Buzzards else that be:  
But these we leaue to their defectiue sight,  
With Bats and Owles that blinded are by light.

S. R.

B





## A DRVNKARDS

### *Duello.*

A Worshipper of *Bacchus*,ripe in Grape,  
From merry drunk,and toyish as an Ape,  
Fell Lyon Drunkard,and in Claret heate,  
His cup-companion did with combate threat,  
To meete next morning in Saint *Georges* field,  
Whereto the other did encounter yeeld,  
And so they left the Tauerne very late,  
The Challenger reel'd home with drunken pate,  
And put himselfe in complete armour,like  
The God of battell,Dagger, Sword, halfe Pike,  
And beates vpon his aduerfaries dore,  
Saying, I come like *Bevis* to the Bore,  
Appeare, base coward, rowse thee from thy den.  
The other with the noyse awakening then,  
Comes downe, and findes behinde his doore to stand,  
A Paring shouell, which he tooke in hand,  
And lends to braue Sir *Lancelot* of the Lake,  
A blowe that made his steeled coxcombe ake,  
Who double wounded, fell as he were flaine.  
The other quiet went to bed againe,  
And his confounded enemy lets lye,  
At last the stumbling watch with light come by,  
Seeing an armed man all myery foule,  
They gaze on him, like Woodcocks at an Owle,

B 2

Then

### *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Then get him vp, and leaning on their Bills,  
They famen him according to their skills,  
As who, and what, and where, and which, and why?  
And thus, and so, and then, and whence, and I,  
Then holding of the Lanthorne to his face,  
He thus deliuers them his wofull cafe:  
You braue browne Bill-men that behold the wight,  
Whom durt hath spoiled of his armour bright,  
Note well the admonition that I giue,  
In charitie with all your neighbours liue,  
For I with malice on my friend did frowne,  
And *Ioue* with thunderbolt hath strooke me downe,  
His very hand, none else hath done the deede,  
My wounds are inward, for I feele them bleed,  
Disarme this heauy burden from my backe,  
Knocke Vintners vp, to saue my life with Sacke.

### *The Dis-honest borrower.*

S Ir, as you euer haue (vntill this hower)  
Bin my best friend by your assisting power,  
And done more for me in true action try'd,  
Then all the friends I haue, haue done beside,  
So let me once againe on vrgent cause  
(Which all my credit into Question drawes)  
Obtain to borrow for a month ten pound,  
And as I haue tofore, I will rest bound  
In all the duties of a gratefull heart,  
Till my Immortall substance hence depart.  
The money lent, as fawning friend desir'd,  
Month after month, and yeeres at length expir'd;

The

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

The Creditor, weary of such delay,  
Came to his Debtor, and intreats him pay.  
Pay, Sir (quoth he?) what mony doe I owe?  
What Bond or Bill to proue it, can you show?  
This you demand is false, and I deny it,  
First proue a Debt, and then come lawfull by it.  
My answere is, I owe you not a shilling,  
My conscience is, Ile ne're pay penny willing.

## *Old Doting Lust.*

**N**Euer perswade me, for I will haue *Besse*,  
If I were elder, and her yeeres were lesse,  
I haue outliu'd the weary lothsome liues  
Of three old (good for nothing) worne-out wiues,  
And now a yong one I intend to try,  
For comfort to mine age before I dye.  
Perswade me not, I will be rul'd by none,  
Although to fourescore my gray head be growne:  
I will haue one that shall be yong enough,  
Preferring tender, before old and tough,  
Neither passe I though foolish people say,  
Yonder goes cold December match'd with May.  
Looke how his browes are swolne within his Hat,  
For thus, my friends, I am resolu'd for that.  
He that weares Horns, and neither knowes, nor thinks it,  
And he that takes a Fly vnseene and drinkes it,  
Should neuer with conceit themselues abuse:  
For what the eye ne're sees, the heart ne're rues:  
Come good-luck, bad-luck, Cuckolds luck betweene,  
My fourescore old will marry yong fixteene.

B 3

*A Fan-*

## *A Payre of Spy-Knaues.*

### *A Fantastickall Knaue.*

S Irra, come hither, I must fend you straight  
To diuers places, about things of waight,  
First to my Barber, at his Bafon signe,  
Bid him be heere to morrow about nine:  
Next to my Taylor, and will him be heere  
About eleuen, and his Bill Ile cleere:  
My Shoomaker by twelue, hafte bid him make  
About the Ruffet Bootes that I befake:  
Stay, harke, I had forgot, at any hand  
First to my Laundresse for a yellow Band,  
And point the Feather-maker not to faile,  
To plume my head with his best Estridge tayle.  
Speake to the Sadler: no, let him alone,  
Hee'le looke for money, I can spare him none.  
Step to the Cutler for my fighting blade,  
And know if that my riding sword be made,  
Bid him trim vp my walking Rapier neat,  
My dancing Rapiers pummell is too great:  
Stay, stay, forbear, some other time weele borrow,  
I must take Physicke, and lye in to morrow,  
The Doctor, I remember, will come hether,  
And hee'le both purge me, and my purse together.

*As*

*A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

*As wise as Iohn of Gotehams Calfe:*

OR,

*This fellow brought his Hogges to  
a faire Market.*

**H** *Vmphrey* wou'd vp to London vorty mile,  
He vow'd to trauell ouer Bridge and Stile,  
To zee the Zitty, though his Father pray him,  
And Mother weepe, and Sisters cry to stay him.  
There's no perswading *Humphrey* bide at home,  
He will to London spite of cocke and's combe,  
When parents see nothing preuaile they can,  
They point *Tom Carter* for his Seruingman,  
And stocke their Yongman with good store of crownes,  
Who taking leaue with all his fellow clownes,  
Sets forward brauely like the Wandring Knight,  
And could not take contentment day nor night,  
Vntill the Citie skirts he ouertooke,  
Where, as about for harbour he did looke,  
To drinke a Health backe, for their townes carouse,  
They cast their Anker at a bawdy-house,  
The Punkes perceiuing they of prey were sped:  
Intreated them to sup, and take a bed  
Which *Humphrey* tooke most kinde. Oh *Tom* (quoth he)  
Heere's Gentlewomen of good breed, I see,  
A man shall stay at home with *Sisse* and *Ioue*  
And all his life haue no such kindnes showne,  
At euery word w' are Gentlemen, hang gold,  
Weele make it good, while fathers bags doe hold:

When

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

VVhen my purse shrinkes, why, to supply our store,  
Thou shalt ride downe (braue *Tom*) and fetch vp more.  
Thus hauing lauifh'd there, away they goe:  
But in short time the matter fell out so,  
The country Gull, with *Punks* was so bepays'd,  
That he must needs seeke out for Surgeons ayde,  
A burning griefe did ouertake at last,  
And he must sweat to thinke on what was past,  
Take vp his Chamber and a while lye in.  
Oh Pockey griefe to thinke where he had bin!  
But Master Mendall did so hold him too't,  
That in short time he got him vp on foot,  
VVhen *Humphrey* crept no sooner out of doore,  
But he would raile, reuenge vpon his whore,  
And to the place of foule confusion went:  
His *Punke* came to him with faire complement  
Demanding what hee'le giue her? Giue, quoth he?  
Thou damned VVhore hast giuen the Pox to me.  
Quoth she, Thou lye'st, and doest abuse me base  
I will disproue thy speeches to thy face:  
I giue the Pox? Tis false, I ne're gaue any:  
I sold the Pox, thou bought'st it with thy penny:  
VVe made a bargaine, I had thy French gold,  
And thou my French disease, full bought and sold.  
Oh 'bomination, *Tom*, let's home, I vow,  
VVe brought our Hogs to a faire Market now.  
No longer (Gentlemen) we will remaine:  
Goe thou to Cart, and I'll to Plow againe.  
But *Tom*, sweet *Tom*, in any case be trusty,  
Neuer tell Father I haue bin so lusty,  
Nor tell our country VVenches I beseech,  
VVhat I haue brought from London in my breech:

For

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

For if thou doest, I shall be quite vndone,  
As euer was any poore mothers sonne.

## *A Marriage Merchant.*

Captaine, in lieu of loue I haue a plot,  
Whereby on both sides money may be got,  
And thus, the Lady I did marry late,  
Hath a rich Daughter liues in VViddowes state,  
To whom her Father gaue a Legacy  
Of fiftene hundred pound when he did dye,  
This money to her must my Lady pay,  
Being executrix: now what d'ee say?  
If I betweene my Daught'r in law and you  
Doe make a match, will you release this due?  
Her state is better then a thousand pound,  
All this will come to you as money found.  
You shall discharge me paying of this portion,  
And I'll gaine you a thousand, by my motion.  
Quoth Captaine Needy, Sir, with thankes agreed,  
'Pray help your selfe and me by this good deede,  
This plot betweene vs we will friendly smother,  
And thus with one good turne, requite another.

C

*Cour-*

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

### *Courteous complements betweene a Traueller and the Hangman.*

A Giddy gallant, that beyond the seas  
Sought fashions out, his idle pate to please,  
In trauelling did meete vpon the way,  
A fellow that was futed richly gay,  
No lesse then Crimson Veluet did him grace,  
All garded and re-garded with gold Lace,  
His Hat was feather'd like a Ladies Fan,  
Which made the Gallant thinke him some great man,  
And vayl'd vnto him with a meeke salute,  
In reuerence of his gilded Veluet fute.  
Sir (quoth his man) your VVorship doth not know  
VWhat you haue done to wrong your credit so:  
This is the *Bewle* in Dutch, in English plaine  
The raskall Hangman, whom all men disdaine,  
I saw him tother day on castell greene  
Hang foure as proper men as ere were seene.  
At this his Master in a raging vaine,  
Swore he would call his kindnes back againe,  
And in great haste after the Hangman goes,  
He and his man, so basting him with blowes,  
That neuer Hangman was in worfer case  
For a dry beaten, batter'd, fift-swolne face,  
And then departing, said, Thou Rogue, take that,  
For wearing clothes made me put off my Hat:  
Rope-trader, keepe thy selfe to Hempe and cord,  
And weare not Sutes to counterfet a Lord.

Sir

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Sir (quoth the Hangman) doe not so difdaine me:  
Such fwaggerers as you doe thus maintaine me:  
For I vpon my backe their kindnes beare,  
And they, about their necks my fauours weare.

## *The Diuell, and the Vfurcr.*

G Ood husband, carefull man, to thriue and liue,  
Imbrace the gainfull counsell that I giue,  
Keepe not thy Coine a rusting on thy hand,  
But put it out, it is thy house and land,  
Make profit of thine owne, be't to thy Brother,  
And make thy hundreds one beget another,  
Thou shalt haue me and all the Diuels in hell  
To take thy part, that thou doest wondrous well,  
Although some conscience Christian, some nice foole,  
That will haue onely Scripture for his schoole,  
Doe tell thee that it is a damned thing,  
To be a Vfurcr, and places bring  
To proue the same. Why, man if that be all,  
I can my selfe t' alledging Scripture fall,  
As once in Wildernesse I did inlarge  
Tis written, *He shall giue his Angels charge,*  
*Thou shalt not dash thy foote against a stone.*  
And so for thee. Tush, let the Diuell alone.  
For Vfury this Scripture I haue found,  
Of him that hid his Talent in the ground,  
And did not put it out to make a gaine,  
As did his fellowes: here's a place serues plaine,  
He was condemned for to let it lye,  
And no increase of profit come thereby.

C 2

Thou

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Thou lend'st thy money vnto one that takes it,  
And very gainefull in the vse he makes it.  
He giues gratuitie to thee for lending:  
You both get wealth, this course deferues commending.  
And therefore in the Diuels name goe on,  
It is thy money thou must liue vpon.  
Name me one handycraft, shew any trade,  
VVill sell his ware, at that same price he payd.  
Let Vfurie be kept in practife than,  
For it maintaines many an honest man.  
Innumerable multitudes of *Iewes*,  
And countlesse Christians, that the trade doe vse:  
The sonnes of *Mammon*, mony-monger slaues,  
With bribing Scriueners, and with broking Knaues,  
That if it were not for the soules of such,  
*Lucifers* Kingdome would diminish much,  
That golden Legion are his constant friends,  
To whom his gracelesse fauours he commends.  
And one thing more, my sonne, thou maist be bold,  
The Mony-monger, of all trades will hold:  
When Merchant, Mercer, and the rest proue weake,  
My hold-fast Vfurier will neuer breake.  
VVho euer sheare the Hogs, hee'le sheare the sheepe,  
And like a Lawyer, is for catch and keepe.  
They two (though with the Fox th'are often curst)  
Yet still fare well, for neither of them burst.

## *Vfurier.*

I Doe imbrace this counsell with my heart,  
Ten in the hundred, thou and I'le ne're part;

Bonds,



### *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Bonds, Bils, and words, I'le trust none of you three.  
Bring good securitie to deale with me.  
Plate shall be welcome, with a Bill of sale,  
Fast binde, fast finde, sure worke can neuer faile;  
Or lend good fummess & haue good land bound for it,  
I'le not be catcht nor laugh'd at, I abhorre it:  
Neither trust one, nor yet beleue the other:  
I'le credit pawne, before I'le credit brother.

### *A Roaring Boyes Description.*

A Mongst the Monsters of this present Age,  
That in the world like fiends incarnate rage,  
Acting such villanies, and horrid crimes,  
(Vnknowne to men, in our forefathers times)  
The Diuell hath (amongst his fashions new)  
Begotten children of the curfed crue,  
In whose vngracioufnesse he greatly ioyes,  
And these by name are call'd his *Roring Boyes*:  
Villaines that in all villanies abound,  
VVhich in the liues of Reprobates are found;  
Their dayes, and nights, are thus consum'd away,  
To liue in sloth, and eate, and drinke, and play:  
God's name is neuer in their mouthes, or hearts,  
Vnlesse by oathes, to teare him out in parts,  
Blasphemously abusing his dread name,  
And hating those that doe reprove the same.  
The choifest, louing, dearest friends they haue,  
Is *Punke* and *Pander*, thiefe and coozening Knaue,  
Sharke, Shifter, Cheater, Cutpurse, high way-flander,  
VVith these, the broad wide way to hell they wander.

C 3

Your

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Your Roring-Boy is come of such a straine,  
He is a Villaine dyde in brimstone graine,  
And will hold out while endlesse flames endures,  
(Such hardned hearts, delight in finne procures)  
If the to life, his picture you will haue,  
To know him, by description of a Knaue,  
Then thus his outside carries all the wealth,  
Coof'nage can compasse, by frauds secret stealth:  
And what our neat fantasticks newest hatch,  
That at the second hand hee's sure to catch:  
If it be Feather time, he weares a Feather,  
A golden Hat-band, or a siluer either,  
A beaftly bushy head of lowfie haire,  
A Horfe-taile locke most nitty he doth weare,  
VVasted like to some Dwarfe, or coated Ape,  
As if of Monsters mis-begotten shape  
He were ingendred, and reiecting Nature,  
Were new cut out and stich'd, the Taylors creature:  
An elbow Cloake, because wide Hose and Garters  
May be apparent in the lower quarters.  
The pockey legges, that beare his carrion corse,  
Are dayly booted, though he backe a horse  
Twice in a tweluemonth, or forfwear to ride  
Vntill a Cart to Tyborne be his guide.  
Yet still in Ruffettings he will appeare,  
Although with Shoomaker he neuer cleere.  
His Cabage Ruffe of the outrageous sife,  
Starched in colour to beholders eyes:  
A box of Infidels and Heathens drinke,  
Compof'd as hell, of fire, smoke and stinke,  
His whole estate is borrow, coozen, cheate,  
This is a *Roring-Boyes* true Picture neate.

*How*

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

*How kinde goodwill, did loue requite,  
Betweene a Cuckold, and a Knight.*

A Knight of *Cupids* Court (with Lust being led)  
Got kindly with his neighbours VVife to bed,  
And by Veneriall sport heated (I thinke)  
Most impudently call'd the Maid for drinke.  
VVhich when it came, did proue exceeding small:  
But thus Sir *Tarquin* made amends for all:  
The frugall Cuckold for his humor salt,  
Out of the Knight got forty seames of Malt.  
VVhich had, he said, Sir, leaft I dye your debter,  
Pray' come and taste if now my Beere be better.  
If you mislike, before that we doe spend it,  
I hope your VVorship once againe will mend it.

*The boording of the Alehouse Ship, fought so,  
Till Smug the Smith could neither stand nor goe.*

T Here was a Smug, that delt in Iron mettle,  
That in a humour to clofe fight would fettle,  
And boord a Barke laden with Beere and Ale,  
Till braine forfooke him, and his legs did faile:  
For resolute one night, (this iron-trader  
Enter'd the Hulke, supposing to vnlade her.  
But she so bang'd him with her Barly shot  
His legs to beare his body, quite forgot)  
And foundring in the durty kennell laid him,  
VVhere many passed by, but none that stay'd him:  
VVhen wallowing with his face, late hote and fierie,  
He sings no other note, but *Ala-mi-re*,

Yet

### *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

Yet to his shankes that suffered him to tumble,  
This angry speech the threatning Smith did grumble,  
Since you'll not beare me, legs, let who will mutter,  
I for this night will lodge you in the gutter.

### *One good turne requires another.*

**M** *Arget* doth know her Mistris is a whore,  
For she her selfe hath often kept the dore:  
*Megg* is a Thiefe, her Mistris can protest,  
For she hath seene her rob her Masters Chest.  
But Maid (sayes Mistris) my abuses smother,  
And one good turne (thou know'st) requires another.

One call'd a Lady whore, (which was the fame,  
Yet she (though bad) stood much vpon good name,  
Making a vow, vnlesse he did submit,  
His purse should very soundly pay for it.  
He to faue charges, in a cunning vaine  
Did thus recanting, call her whore againe.  
Madame, I come, submissiue vnto you,  
And doe confesse I call'd you whore, 'Tis true:  
VVhich to recant, *Sorry in troth am I,*  
Your Ladiship's no VVhore, *Madam,* I lye.

*Vice,*

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

### *Vice reprovues Wickednes.*

Here is no Sinner in so wilde a kinde,  
But with some Vices he a fault will finde.  
The Prodigall, with Couetous man being met,  
Said to him, Fie, base wretch, thou art in debt  
Vnto thy belly and thy backe, for both  
Doe want the vse of meat, and drinke, and cloth:  
And thou do'st onely pinch, and pine, and spare,  
To hoord vp money, keeping body bare,  
To cramme thy bags, and fill thy gaping purse,  
Foole, beast, base-minded, none so vile, none worse.  
Quoth *Couetousnes*, Thou spend-thrift of thy state,  
VVhom I detest with a most deadly hate,  
Thy fleshly carrion all consumes, and spends,  
(Besides thine owne) what thou canst catch of friends.  
To eate and drinke thy selfe in endlesse Debt,  
And in the end thou wilt a lodging get  
In *Ludgate*, or the *Counter*, there to lye,  
Till lothsome life constraine thee wish to dye.  
Then came a Drunkard, that could scarcely goe,  
And he vpon a Broker did bestowe  
Outragious raylings, cursing him to hell,  
VVith all that euer he should buy and sell:  
Vnworthy wretch, to liue in Commonwealth,  
That dar'st not doe as I doe, drinke a health  
To all good fellowes, that by Sea and Land  
VWill pledge carouse, as long as legs can stand.  
Sirra (quoth Broker) looke you fetch your pawne,  
I will vnto no longer day be drawne:

D

You

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

You haue had time enough to pay me in,  
And now I'le plague thee for thy drunken sinne.  
Base Knaue, I hate a Drunkard with my heart,  
Though I with Vfurie will neuer part.  
It is the trade by which my liuing's got,  
I'le vse it still, honest, or honest not.  
Drunkard, reele on, vntill the Stocks possesse thee,  
Broker (quoth Drunkard) *Brandons* Halter blesse thee.

### *Instructions giuen to a Countrey Clowne, To take Tobacco, when he comes to Towne.*

**A** Cheater meeting with a simple Clowne,  
Would giue him Wine, because he knew the town,  
VWhere goodman *Boore* his countryman did dwell,  
And all his neighbours he knew passing well:  
Entring the Tauerne, and the wine bespoke,  
Quoth Cheater, Bring me here a Pipe of smoke  
To purge my Rhume, by spetting to forsake it.  
Gentleman (quoth the Clowne) would I could take it.  
Sayes he, I'le teach thee, (doe obserue me heere)  
To take *Tobacco* like a *Caualeere*.  
Thus draw the vapor thorow your nose, and say,  
Puffe, it is gone, fuming the smoke away.  
The Gull, that would be a Tobaconist:  
Had cup, or pipe, continuall in his fist,  
Vntill with *puffe*, 'tis gone, his fences shrunke,  
And he was got by practice, Claret drunke.  
The Cheater tooke his time, and did pretend  
To goe fast by, and call a speciall friend  
To drinke with them, and so conuayes the Cup,  
And lets him sit, who takes his pipefull vp,

And

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

And smokes it off, with *puffe 'tis gone*. Oh braue,  
The very whiffe, most dainty now I haue.  
At length the Drawer look'd into the roome,  
And said, My friend, where is the Cup become?  
He with his Pipe, the old tune playes vpon,  
Oh braue Tobacco, gallant, *Puffe, 'tis gone*.  
Gone, quoth the Vintner? by my faith and't be,  
You are the man, is like to anfwere me.  
Where is the friend was with you euen now?  
Wee'le haue our Cup before you goe, I vow.  
He noses it, and holds the Pipe to t' other,  
And sayes, Hey, *puffe, 'tis gone* most brauely, Brother.  
Is't gone, quoth he? then friend, thus much I'le say,  
You haue the reck'ning and a Cup to pay:  
Your *puffe 'tis gone*, is like to cost your purse,  
The reckning's something, but the Goblet's worfe.  
When all's discharg'd, that doth as yet remaine,  
Then welcome *puffe*, our Cup is come againe.

*Such Oast, such ghest, the Prouerbe sayes,  
Ill Seruants chuse bad Masters wayes.*

A Master that delight in lyes did take,  
Did keepe a man, would sooth vp all he spake,  
Who being one time with Gentlemen of worth  
At dinner fet, this lye he vented forth:  
It was my hap of late to make a shoote,  
And strike a Deere quite thorow eare and foot.  
This may seeme strange, vnto all you that heare it,  
But aske my man, he saw it, and will sweare it.  
Quoth they, This is incredible: and we  
Intreat some reason, how the same could be.

D 2

Why

## *A Paire of Spy-Knanes.*

Why, quoth his Man, euen as the Deere did lye,  
My Master tooke his ayme, and letting flye,  
The Deere with hinder foote did scratch an eare,  
And he shot thorow both at once, I'le sweare.  
Indeed (quoth they) thou do'st some reason show,  
There's possibilitie it may be so,  
And laughing past it merrily away,  
At last his man in secret thus did say,  
Sir, I intreat, that if your Worship please,  
To let your friends haue any more of these,  
They are so grofe they lye vpon your hand,  
And I vnto the prooffe of them must stand,  
To giue your Tales more scope into the weather,  
For I could hardly bring this lye together:  
The distance 'twixt the Foote and Eare was such,  
That I had much adoe to make them tuch.  
Therefore in selling bargaines to your buyers,  
Take heed we be not (as we are) found lyers.

## *Epigram.*

A Scholler riding on the way alone,  
Feareleffe of Coine (for money he had none,)  
Was fet vpon by two, that did command  
With Theeues authoritie, *Deliuier*, *Stand*,  
For *Stand* (quoth he) my masters that I'le doe,  
But t'other word, I cannot yeeld vnto,  
Which is *Deliuier*: 'Pray you giue me leaue  
Before I doe *Deliuier*, to Receiue.  
But yet I will deliuer, and vnfold  
Aduice, that shall be better worth then gold:

*Deli-*

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

*Deliu*er not your foule to *Satan* thus,  
Remember *Christ*, that hath redeemed vs.  
*Deliu*er not your members slaues to sinne,  
That Newgate so doe entertaine you in.  
*Deliu*er not your felues vnto the Barr,  
To be condemned (as you know theeuēs arr.)  
*Deliu*er not your Necks vnto the Halter,  
But from false Knaues, to honest true men alter.  
Scholler (quoth they) for this we are in debt,  
We will leaue theeuing, but we cannot yet.  
We are sworne Brothers for a yeere in troth,  
If the Rogue Hangman, doe not breake our oath.

## *Epigram.*

**M**Adam, you ouercharge me with expence,  
VVhich to my purse, I find a great offence,  
This catching fashions at the first rebound,  
I am afraid, will runne your Knight aground:  
VVe are in Mercers bookes, and Taylors Bills,  
And there remaine (God knowes) against their wils,  
No helping tricke, that I to minde can call,  
But make new debts, to pay old scores withall.  
Sir *Barren Braine* (quoth Madam, to her Knight)  
VVhat tell you me of charge? take I delight,  
To haue account how you do runne in Debt?  
My care is how to spend; care you to get.  
I doe protest, I will not forth of dore,  
Vntill our Coach haue got two Horfes more.  
Ride but with two? why, what sayes vulgar speeches?  
'Tis very bafely done, *You wrong your Breeches.*

D 3

And

## *A Paire of Spy-Knaues.*

And therefore, Sir, Harke priuate in your eare,  
Giue me content, or I'le doe that, I sweare.

### *Epigram.*

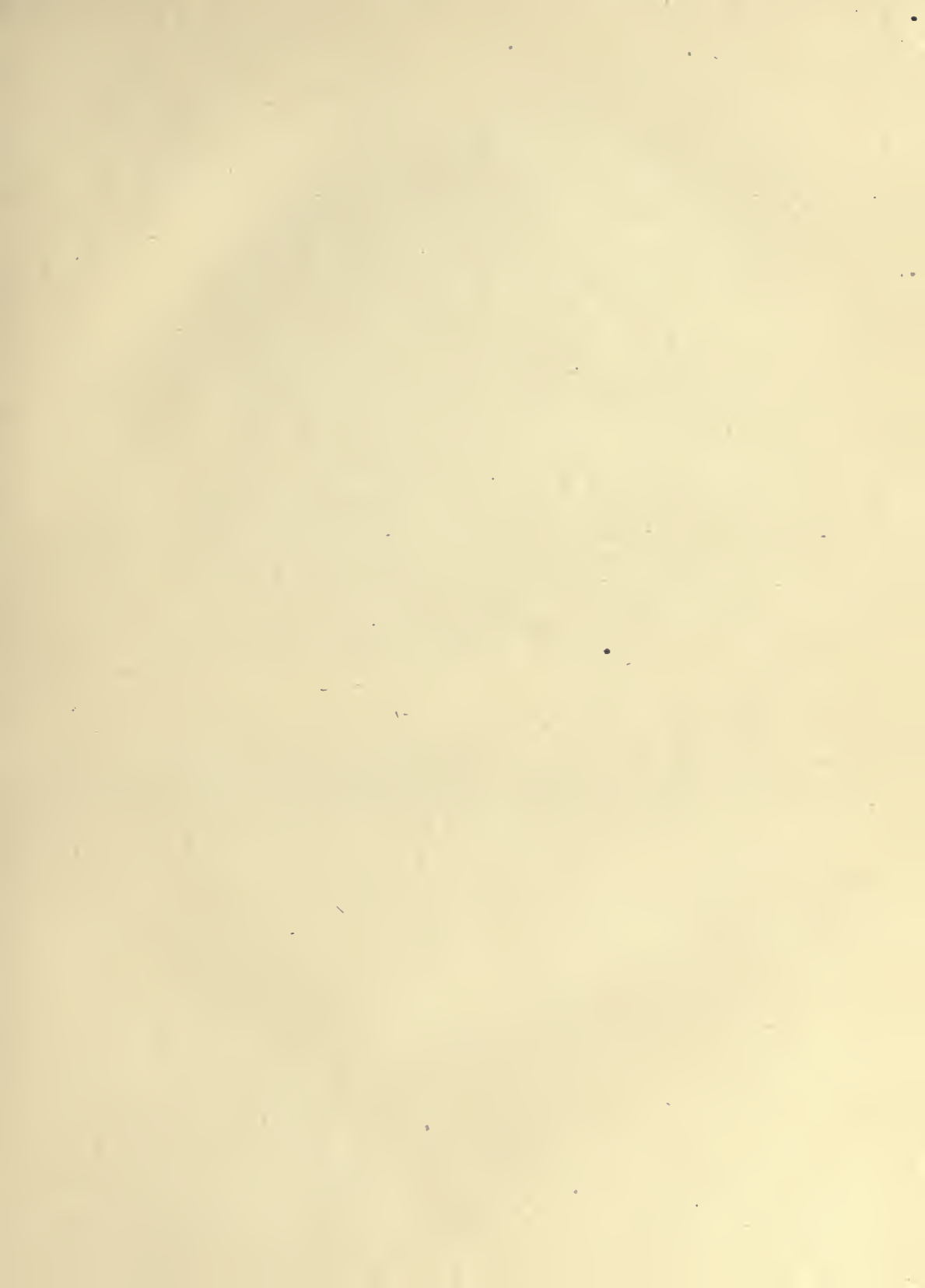
VVhat was the cause we two fell out last night?  
Let's know some reason for it ere we fight,  
Though thou regard'ft not thy flesh, nor I mine,  
Yet let's not be infenc'd by drunken wine.  
Speake, prethee speake, who gaue the first distaste?  
Wert thou by me, or I by thee disgrac't?  
Marry (quoth t'other) as I take it, thus:  
There was a Health refus'd by one of vs,  
I know not which: but who did stab the chaire  
Euen in contempt of her that last fate there?  
Which of vs first on Mistris *Luce* did rayle?  
VVho put the falt into the bottle Ale?  
And thrust the Candle in the quart of Sack?  
VVho call'd *Tom Roring-Boy* behinde his back?  
And broke *Snels* Pipes, in spite against the wall?  
This I remember very perfect all:  
But cannot tell which of vs swagger'd so,  
And therefore let this scuruy quarrell goe.  
Rapier, and Ponyard, shall not haue the day:  
Rabbet and Pullet, they shall end the fray.



*Epi-*

















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